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with high regards

for

Respected sir Nandkumar Avas Thi

Jai Khandas Ladan

8th December 1980

Ansu

(TEARS)

By.

JAISHANKAR PRASAD

Translation:

JAIKISHANDAS SADANI

Illustrations :

Portrait of Prasad : Jaikishandas Sadani

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To
The Immortal

JAISHANKAR PRASAD

तुभ्यमेव समर्पयेत्

Introduction

Jay Shankar Prasad is, from various points of view, the greatest literary figure of modern Hindi literature. His *Kamayani* which is an epic of human psyche or a grand allegory of the progress of human civilization, remains the highest pinnacle of poetic achievement even today. His lyrical poem *Ansu* is a romantic elegy par excellence. For several decades the critics have been struggling hard to decipher the mystery regarding the basic inspiration and the object of love to whom the poem has been addressed. But the problem has not yet been solved. So far as I have been able to understand, like most of the romantic poems *Ansu* does not have any definite material theme nor any particular person as its central figure. It is really an ornate poetic expression of a tragic mood through romantic imagery of exquisite quality.

Shri Jaikishandas Sadani has performed a hazardous task in attempting an English translation of his masterpiece which is essentially oriental in its experiential content, verbal texture and imagery. But considering that he had already performed a greater miracle by a successful translation of *Kamayani* which is completely soaked in oriental colours, the present achievement may not be quite inexplicable.

One theorist has made a rather mischievous observation about the art of translation : Translation is like a maiden if she is beautiful, she is not likely to be faithful, and if she is faithful she is generally not beautiful. However unfair the remark may be for the fair sex, it underlines a basic problem of translation. The present translator has obviously grappled with this difficulty and some of his usages which smack of literalism can be condoned on this account. But he has certainly made a commendable effort to reconcile faithfulness with beauty.

For obvious historical reasons, English still remains an effective medium of publicity not only in the wider international market but also within the boundaries of our own country. Hindi has lagged behind some of her sister modern Indian languages in this respect, because the Hindi scholars have not exploited the English medium properly. Viewed in this light, the present work is not only a glowing tribute to the literary performance of Shri Jaikishandas but is also a positive service to Hindi literature for which the translator deserves all credit and warm felicitation.

Nagendra

(M. A. D. Litt.)

University of Delhi,

Dated 23-12-1977

Foreward

Inspite of the pseudo—witticism of the Italian saying—"Traduttore, Traditore" (Translator, Traitor)—the art of translation from one language into another is a priceless asset of every cultured society since it is through translation that the cultural contact between one nation and another can be firmly established. It is through translation that the thoughts of one nation can be brought home to another nation. And if the difference of languages does not quite represent nationalistic, ethical, cultural differences but testifies to closely linked up variations of linguistic propensities, if the languages are (as they are in India) like so many flowers in the same vast national garden, then translation can excellently serve the purpose of a unifier.

A cultural unifier is Shri Jaikishandas Sadani whose poetic sensibilities must needs manifest themselves through the art of translation. His translation of Prasad's *Kamayani* has already attested to his ability to transplant the beauty of one language into another. In the present volume Shri Sadani is concerned with another book of poems, one of the best known in Hindi literature, Jaishankar Prasad's *Ansu*. To my mind, this is an exceptionally difficult book to translate into another language, especially into English.

Nevertheless, Shri Sadani has succeeded in bringing the poetry—to use a phrase from Bacon—"close to men's business and bosoms." Consider the following stanza f

In the dark deserted night,
Star-like lamps are lighted;
In the stream of milky way,
Peerless gifts are offered.

The fluid trimeter lines (the English trimeter comes sonally very close to the original Hindi rhythm posit before the reader two pictures of

the nocturnal sky. A comparable description can be found in another stanza :

Like a trailing cloud of pollen,
That drunken memory returns,
Budding in the woods of heart,
Smiles with its luscious nectar.

Prasad's poetic diction stands in a class by itself. His imagination often dwells in a conceptual universe rather than in a naturalistic one, in a world of ideas rather than in a world of mere facts. But since the human experience must needs be based on naturalistic objects, on concrete facts; since the larger part of a language is concerned more with facts than with concepts Prasad has to employ words that refer to concrete, things but (the reader must have the subtlety to understand this) frequently invests these concrete objects with an allegorical or symbolical suggestion of abstraction.

For the translator this dual meaningfulness of words raises serious difficulties. He has to make a choice among several verbal possibilities. I find that Shri Sadani has unfailingly chosen the appropriate word, the word that conveys at once a concrete objective experience and having done so, glimmers with an allegorical suggestion. The result is as close an approximation to the original as a translator can make it.

I hope this translation will give the non-Hindi reader a fair idea of the beauty and ideological depth of Jai Shankar Prasad's *Ansu*.

1st November 1978
Calcutta.

Amalendu Bose
M.A., D. Phil.(Oxon), F. I.A.L.
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Translator's Preface

Jaishankar Prasad is verily a poetic phenomenon. His literary genius has left an indelible imprint on Hindi literature. His thoughts and expressions are fresh and original and cast a wondrous spell in his stories, novels, dramas, essays and above all in his poetry. His epic poem *Kamayani* has touched the timeless shores and made him immortal.

Prasad wrote *Ansu* a few years before *Kamayani* was published. It is a lyrical elegy of tender emotions and sensibilities that remains unsurpassed in Hindi literature. It is a magnificent creation which shows how nuances of physical love are sublimated into joy. At the outset, the poet expresses the unbearable grief which torments his heart. He is left forlorn, writhing in painful bereavement of his beloved. As days roll on, the balmy hand of time soothes the aching heart of the poet. Yet in some fateful moments, as the poet muses on the past - the hordes of surging memories come out of oblivion and overwhelm him. Even with much effort, he is unable to withhold the sporadic outbursts of his seething emotions. His eyes drizzle tears of anguish.

That which was intense sorrow,
Awning the mind like memory,
In fateful moments now
It showers in the form of tears.

In deep pensive mood, the poet remembers the past episodes of love. The pleasant memories twinkle like glimmering stars flowing past to mingle in the milkyway of his heart. These make his agonies all the more irksome, but as the emotions quell down the poet regains the natural calm

pure serenity. Realising the ephemeral nature of earthly youth and beauty, he no longer suffers the pangs of separation but finds that his beloved has become one with him.

I accept that form is finite,
Beauty is your undying youth;
But you are absorbed within,
The vaultless skies of my mind.

One after another each verse of *Ansu* unfolds the fascinating imagination of Prasad, like a thousand foliate lotus sprinkling fragrance of beauty and grace. His thoughts become free from the melancholy burden and are transmuted into rich imagery. Such is the exquisite charm of his similes, metaphors, images and symbols that his thoughts glow with a mystic halo wherein the poet himself is bewildered, unable to grasp the profound and inexplicable dimensions of Love. How beautifully he describes the predicament by the following celebrated verse :

Veiling the moon like face,
Concealing a lamp behind drape,
In the evening twilight of life,
You came like a quaint surprise.

Rising above the paradoxes of life Prasad realises that union and parting, joy and sorrow are imbued in the very texture of life. He transforms his personal agony into universal anguish and apostrophises his verses to "Universal Sorrow." His pain fades away and he invokes a truce between joy and sorrow in a spirit of utter non-attachment.

Being unattached to both,
I reconcile joy and sorrow;
Risking even my affection,
I cajole the sulky couple.

In a state of perfect equipoise sorrow gnaws his heart no longer, but becomes more meaningful and purposive. He entreats tears to shower Rasa of joy on the hearts whose happiness has dried up due to scorching heat of agony and thus alleviate the pain of suffering humanity.

Taking the quintessence,
Shower tears as morning dew,
On the life sere of joys,
In the entire universe.

The magnificent muse of Prasad transforms the tears of sorrow into sparkling drops of bliss, the sweetness of which surpasses all the earthly delights.

Though Kamayani stands out as the supreme poetic creation of Prasad specially due to its cosmic significance, unfolding the whole history of human evolution and progress, it is essentially an objective poem of profound philosophic foundation and penetrative contemplation. Through allegory, symbols and reflective images Prasad has brought out the psychological and spiritual bearings of human life. But *Ansu* is purely a subjective poem, expressing itself in a lyrical charm wherein one image follows another linked by an innate thread of lurking pathos that beads them all together. Hence the poet moves through various stages of creative consciousness giving expression to this fascinating, romantic lyric. Nand Dulare Bajpayee rightly observed that the romantic melody and depth of *Chhayavad* (romanticism of Hindi poetry) would not have manifested itself if *Ansu* had not been written. *Ansu* is indeed a musical abstraction of thoughts wherein feeling or Bhava attains a perfection of artistic creativity.

While translating *Ansu* I have neither been applicative nor interpretative but have endeavoured to remain as faithful to the text as possible and present the images as they roll out from the master's pen without superimposing any intrusive meaning. *Ansu*

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has been written by Prasad in a meter known as *Sakhi* in Indian poetics. But such is the captivating charm and popularity of the lyric that people have named it *Ansu* meter. In order to convey the sonal melody of the Hindi rhythm I have opted for parallel rhythm in the translation. I hope this will purvey to the readers the emotive sensibilities and Rasa of the original.

Translation of *Kamayani* published earlier was an adventure for me but its appreciation by eminent litterateurs and intelligensia gave me great satisfaction and confidence. I am highly thankful to the learned Professor K. M. Lodha for initiating the idea of translating *Ansu*. He has ever been a source of inspiration to me and has been kind enough to enrich me by his wise counsels and apt suggestions.

I am very grateful to Dr. Nagendra, the versatile scholar, the prolific writer and critic of Hindi literature, for kindly writing the introduction to the book. He is an acknowledged authority on the literature of Prasad.

My grateful thanks are due to Dr. Amalendu Bose, the eminent linguist and a scholar of rare erudition for kindly writing the foreword. Literary deliberations with him have always been highly educative. I am indebted to Dr. R. P. Upadhyaya for his keen interest and much encouragement.

I will be amply rewarded if the readers obtani the savoury taste of the extraordinary range and expressiveness of this exquisite lyric *Ansu*.

113B, Manohardas Katra,
Calutta-700007
8th December, 1978

Jaikishandas Sadani

ANSU

That which was intense anguish,
Awning the mind like memory.
In the fateful moments now,
It showers in the form of tears.

In the heart adorned with sorrow
Now rings the impatient melody,
Why do lamenting notes, alas !
Bewail in the infinite agony ?

On the shores of mind's ocean,
Why do dashing rippling waves
Narrate in sonorous sound
Some tales now lost in oblivion ?

From the vast vacant horizon,
Why do my echoes rebound ?
Like one staggering in plight,
And whirling about in frenzy ?

Why like the agonised milky way
Overflowing both its shores,
The wave of my consciousness
Heaves in gentle swirls ?

This heart is now inhabited
By surging streams of memories,
Like countless twinkling stars,
Spreading in the azure heaven.

They are all like the sparks,
Of my blazing heart-burn,
Only some traces are trailing
Of that sublime union.

The chilly fire is flaming
With flowing tears as fuel,
These futile sighing breaths
Are fanning as gusty breeze.

Tempestuous fire was supine
At the bottom of ocean of love,
The fish-like eyes were thirsty
Restive in the waters of beauty.

Bubbles burst in the ocean,
Garland of stars was broken,
Earth bereft of heavenly locks,
Stood slandered, morosed.

Blisters burst by abrading-
Scratches of tender feet,
They are continually abluted,
By compassionate drops of tears.

By accepting impatient sorrow
Who dares accost my happiness ?
Oh ! Our swooning consciousness ?
Is poor and full of innocence.

As I desires change their sides,
The sleeping anguish wakes up;
Joys are a far off dream,
When moist eye-lashes drowse.

This lotus-heart is surrounded
By the tangled tresses of bees;
Tears like pollen tumble,
Mingling my sighs with breeze.

Oh ! 'twas a drunken delusion,
That fascinating play of love;
Sweetest agony of affection,
Now verily overwhelms the heart.

Joy-struck placid emotions
Bear sighing breaths in gratis;
The heart has become a cenotaph,
Compassion bemoans in corner.

Amazed is the call of Chataka¹,
Melodious the music of cuckoo,
The moist tale of my agony,
Is drenched with welling tears.

Those enraptured in delight,
Their sorrows are fast asleep;
Where have they time to listen,
To all these tales of misery ?

The abstruse problem of life
Has grown like matted hair,
Its dust settles on the heart,
Whose splendour's akin to that ?

That which was intense anguish,
Awning the mind like memory,
In the fateful moments now,
It showers in the form of tears.

What's it ringing in my wails ?
Is it the lute ? Do you hear ?
With the threads of these tears,
Are you weaving a fabric of sorrow ?

Incessantly weeping and sobbing
I tell the tale of my anguish
By scathing buds you listen,
Pretending to be so innocent.

I was staggering, enamoured
Under spell of lushy delusion,
Our inner cords were vibrant
With shrill melodious music.

The roaring cyclonic storm,
Lightnings and nimbus clouds
Finding this vacant heart,
Have all encamped over here,

Dreadful clouds hovered
Over my forlorn cottage,
Dark soot would shower,
Making it darker and darker.

Wearing a garland of lightning
Beaming smiles in my compound,
Yes; who came to shower
Ambrosial drops on my mind?

You are Truth, Eternal Beauty
In my world of illusions,
We were companions in life
On the path adorned by welfare.

In the dark deserted night,
Star-like lamps are lighted;
In the stream of milky way
Peerless gifts are offered.

My glorious, darling descended,
For meeting me over here,
I was exalted in delights
Like dreams beheld in morning.

Full-moon was in sweetest smiles,
On seeing you for the first time,
That moment revealed in a trice
Our affection of countless ages.

Like as the moon acquainting
Its beams with the limitless ocean,
The rays descending from heaven
Entwine embraces with waves.

With my unblinking eyes,
I beheld that winsome Beauty.
I'd inspire creative vision,
As gifts to my poetic muse.

Like the clatter of cataract
In the shade of vernal bower,
Stream of awareness was flowing,
Under spell of bewitching Maya.²

'Twas autumn, the trees stood bare,
In the dry, shrivelled-up garden,
You changed them into flower-beds,
Blossoming leaves and flowers.

Veiling the moon-like face,
Concealing a lamp behind drape,
In the evening twilight of life,
You came as a quaint surprise.

Like beauteous lightning in clouds,
Like sportive dazzle in lightnings,
Like the dark pupils in the eyes,
Like azure reflections in the pupils.

Like glow of life in an idol,
Your beauty delved in the eyes,
Indelibly impressed in the heart
'Twas quite unique and distinct.

I accept that form is finite,
Beauty ! in your undying youth,
But you were absorbed within
The vaultless skies of my mind.

Enchanting mount of loveliness
Was merely a paltry mote,
The grace of your comely charm,
Was full of endearing love.

Who has enchained the moon
With these dark dire fetters ?
Why hoods of ruby serpents
Are full of precious diamonds ?

What a pride of rosy youth
Expressed in those dark eyes !
Who filled with rich red wine
The pair of sapphired chalices ?

Floating on the unslaked ocean,
Is a wondrous boat of sapphire,
Like a wave of pitch dark water,
Is the line of black collyrium.

Brow-brush became bewildered,
In painting the line of horizon,
Skilled painter you are in
Depicting the wounded affection.

In the dimple of soft cheeks,
Beamed a streak of innocent smile;
He alone sees through the wiles,
Who has beheld the curl of brow.

Why in the scarlet oyster
Are so many precious pearls !
Thers's no swan, it's a parrot,
Oh ! Who will pick those pearls ?

Behind the veil of sweetest dawn
Are splendrous blossoming lotuses.
They only invite wry jeerings
If they behold the fleeting smile.

The lotus-face was adorned
By ears like lotus-leaves.
Sorrows of others trickled
Like slippery drops of water.

Of which bow of Kama³ was it
The loose entwining string ?
Was it graceful encircling arms ?
Or wavelet on the lake of Beauty ?

Like the return of lightning,
Bathed in festive moon-light;
Beauty of that peerless one,
Was like the sweetest radiance.

Though it was a delusion
I had the profoundest faith,
In the shade of bewitching Maya
I had some glimmerings of Truth.

Was that Beauty merely a form
Or was it endowed with emotions ?
Was it a delusion of grossness,
Inherent within my consciousness ?

The tangled knots of my life,
Dishevelled in twining tresses.
Who drank the sweetest wine
When our eyes closed in love ?

The more I got entangled,
Lo ! peace would sit and sneer,
As joys got trammelled in fetters,
Compassion became indifferent.

Trees and thickets swayed,
Branches tangled in embraces;
Kissing of flowers permeated,
The sweetest songs of bees.

The flute was all melodious,
Lips of the buds, smiled;
Stooping with weight of pollen,
Their notes jingled in ears.

The wine of warm caresses,
The redolent gusts of breaths,
I'd rise after washing my face,
In effulgence of moon-like mien.

Joyous night was fatigued
With moon-like face in the heart,
The stars like perspiring drops
Moistened the mantle of heaven.

Never'll be such caresses,
In my courting bowers again,
Fatigued moon-light reposed
In my delightful dreams.

Waves are intensely thirsty,
The whirlpool grail is empty,
Draining the delight of heart,
You've thrown aside the chalice.

Diffused is the misty pollen,
With dried up whirling saffron.
The lotus of our affection,
Blossomed, wilted, in the heart.

Where are the tender touches
Of the veiled Malaya⁴ swaying ?
Why the glances of compassion
Have turned their faces aside ?

There's oblivion, drunkenness
Swoon hovers over the mind;
Was it fancy, a mere dream
Like flute ringing in wilderness ?

This diamond heart of mine
Was crushed by tender Sirisha⁵;
Ice-cold love flamed fire,
Burning with pangs of parting.

Hiding themselves from bees,
When lotuses lay concealed,
In the hazy evening of hope
We both shed tears of anguish.

Love flared up like a lamp,
My heart was soft as butter,
Now the remnant cowlng smoke,
Is only depicting the darkness.

Rate was mute, carol silent,
Bees imprisoned in lotuses,
Kalindi⁸ of love flowed anon,
Along the dark banks of the heart.

When flowery spring blossoms,
In the late hours of night,
Like a tender Sirisha flower
I mingle in the morning dust.

Estranged by sweetest fragrance
The Malaya breeze blows gently,
The sighing breaths of parting
Linger on the banks of the river.

The pallid cheek of the dawn
Revealed the mark of kiss,
I stared down the path
To retire in the morn.

Filling the azure garb of earth,
With the pearl-like tear-drops,
I came like a cirrus cloud
From the morning skies of love.

The poisonous draught I drank,
Became luscious wine in the eyes;
Beauteous lashes of chalices
Transformed into love in life.

Ocean of desire was swirling,
Moonlight spread all around,
The reflection of my full moon,
Was sparkling like an ocean.

A shrouded silhouetted actor
Plays the enticing flute,
In bosom of new-moon darkness
It enacts a curious drama.

You came as a spell of wine,
You went as fleeting awareness,
I lay impatiently bemoaning,
Like one shaking off drunkenness.

Frm the bosom of infinite sky,
You emerged as sportive lightning,
Now while parting, you've left,
Rainbow of radiance behind.

Like a trailing cloud of pollen,
That drunken memory returns,
Budding in the woods of heart,
Smiles with its luscious nectar.

Your heart brims with dew-drops,
Moon ! With your honeyed showers,
Some one is profusely pouring
Pearls on the peerless mind.

The pleasant breeze returns
Along with your hallowed touch,
I am thrilled with emotion,
By showering streaming tears.

Sweet Malati⁷ creepers sleep,
Reclining on the cosy pillows.
I anxiously expect in vain,
Counting the stars of heaven.

Oh ! Cruel one, why do you hide ?
Some one will also become mine.
In frustrating night of parting,
Sorrow and I'll be companions.

When we offer a golden garland,
To the serene union of evening,
We are unable to perceive,
The lifting layers of darkness.

So profound is the hue of love,
It can't be washed from the heart,
Abluted by the tears it sparkles!
What a wondrous colour is this!

Love for art has blossomed,
Becoming your beauteous image,
Drawn around your heart,
Expresses my cherished desire.

With a ruby-lamp in the hand
You came to show me the path,
The flame is now transformed
Into tangled tresses of rays.

Raising its pitch very high,
Compassionate lute became sulky,
Despondence turned into pride,
Boldly narrates its woes.

With potent wine of my heart
You slaked your entire being,
Beholding with reddened eyes
You've turned the face aside.

Mariner ! on this deserted shore,
Across which waves have you steered ?
Over these frightening waves
Has any one plied before ?

Why should I go to that shore,
In the murky veil of darkness ?
I've no yearning for a life
Of sorrow and deluding conceit.

How shall I retrace the path
As the foot-prints are effaced ?
The barren heart is drowned
In the swelling river of tears.

The vacant sky spreads out,
Without any strength or support,
Will I also ambiently swim,
In the absence of shores or banks ?

Oh ! Mariner, this boat of mine
Skims on the ocean of darkness,
Enticed by the moon-like face
It is approaching the earth.

In the dried up ocean of sand,
Filled with streaming tears,
I've steered the boat of my mind,
To the shores of love, without ropes.

Let the welling ocean spurt up
Emitting the foaming poison,
By which thirst is it churned up ?
In the bottom blaze tempest-fires.

Sighs mingling in the Malaya,
Touching the milky way, return
Diffusing the departing rays,
The moon will hide itself.

I'll shine in the glow of sunbeams,
I'll fly in the form of fragrance,
Perchance I happen to find you,
We'll unite in the track of planets.

In this mechanised life
Was there such latent talent ?
Your luminous lively affection,
Was full of endearing love !

Moon's reposing in the heart
Supported by its soothing rays,
Forsaking ambrosial Beauty
Chakora⁸ picks up the embers.

For seeking self-immolation
The moth unites with the lamp;
In the poignant state of burning
It blooms like a lovely flower.

In the celestial woods of jasmine
The stars twinkle like flowers
Like a white lotus, oh ! Moon,
Why do you mingle with them ?

Don't deem this as a triumph
Of the ephemeral life of buds,
Steeped in pollen they blossom,
When sullenly they are plucked.

If fleeting moments of life
Are spent midst tender sprays,
Have you anything to lose at all
If they quietly fall unnoticed ?

Offer all the flowers of desires
As offerings at these feet,
Don't trample them like worms
Their pollen is ineffably precious.

On the canvas of treacherous time
Are written the hazy forebodings.
The lines of joys and sorrows
Of life, lie supine in despair.

This world will cease to exist,
Staggering in weals and woes;
It wouldn't look back to ponder
Who has won or lost the game.

On the altar of human life,
Let union and parting be wedded;
Let the joys and sorrows dance,
In the sportive eyes and mind.

Snatching all the joys in a trice,
From the inmost bosom of life;
You slurred away unnoticed,
Leaving me impatiently weeping.

Does my sorrow overwhelm
In the soft eyelashes of dawn ?
Yes ! my joys are entangled
In the clustered tresses of dusk.

Both joys and sorrows slept
Entwined in embraces in mind,
Like moonlight caressing darkness
In the bower of jasmine creepers.

Time with its infinite joys,
Wells up waves in the sky;
Smiling in the milky way
It shows its stintless stars.

The expansive earth below
Carries the load of sorrow;
With bitter surging tears,
Fills the ocean of compassion.

Earth is begging for sorrow
As sky has snatched away joys,
I surrender my entire self
And admire that lovely face.

Such joys couldn't be contained
In the sky, in the earth and water
They were confined to the palms
Deceived by assuring hopes.

What sorrow lurked in your bosom,
You darted away with my joys ?
A kiss while I was sleeping
Twirled hair on slight awakening.

That which was sorrow in life
I accepted it, as happiness;
Since death is inherent in life
Like lightning in the clouds.

Your joys dance in delight
With the swaying trees of anguish;
Your beauteous glory shines out,
Mingling within my sorrow.

Being unattached to both
I reconcile joy and sorrow,
Risking even my affection
I cajole the sulky couple.

Let a curling cloud of morrow
Rise high in the infinite sky;
Let the sun not flare its heat
Nor the moon send soothing light.

Destiny acts like a danseuse,
Like one playing with a ball;
In the playground of doleful world
She slakes her unquenched mind.

Rise from delusion of wine;
Enter in the cavern of darkness,
You'll find none save yourself
By groping in the empty abode.

Drawn by the languid sighs
You'll surely come over here;
With tearful eyes you'll accept
My intense pining anguish.

The tryst of evening meetings
Offers some erratic promises;
The sanguine frustration of dawn,
Brings the tragic tale to an end.

Restless agony has returned
Wandering in cosmic dwellings;
Nowhere's happiness found
Where is repose in this life ?

In heaving sighs and tears
The fatigued repose relaxes,
Within the eyes that wept,
Sleep transformed into dreams.

Night, when you sleep in the heart,
The inner sorrows are grateful;
Lull that golden frenzy
To a pleasant cosy sleep.

Like an immaculate experience,
From the roots of soothing Tamala³,
Awn the world as an azure creeper
With overwhelmed leaves of sleep.

When all the jasmines of dreams,
Scatter to turn into the stars,
They twinkle like lotuses white,
In the purling celestial river.

Blueness sot on the bed,
In her campus of the sky;
Shower, from the pollen-cloud
Blue-lotus-nectar of oblivion.

Earth is scorched by anguish,
Yet it begs for refulgence;
Shower, snow-drops of darkness,
This mad one, is still asleep,

Over the cenotaph of oblivion,
Will rain the clouds of welfare;
Let the tired happiness sleep,
Freed from agonising cares.

Consciousness will swirl no wave,
Ocean of life will be tranquil;
In the evening of nature's doom
Parted will again be united.

The weeping eyes of night
Shed drops of lustrous tears,
Hideous conceits of darkness
Stealthily drank them away.

When joys become so insolent
To laugh at me in scorn,
You still forbid me to weep
What loathsome slavery is this ?

From the palms full of tears,
Why do you fill eyes, and drink ?
The stars at the time of falling,
Glow all the more in effulgence !

That laughter and this tear,
Let them mingle, unite;
Let there be fresh rain shower,
Let buddlings blossom again.

Pick out from every speck
The sanguine sorrows of world,
They will only leave behind
Popular pleasant tales.

In the bosom of azure 'night,
When fatigued moon reposes;
Then in the vales of horizon,
Even the sun gets stranded.

Hordes of stars get drowned
In the stream of milky way,
When lightning gets confined
Within the prison of clouds.

The ruby lamp of the world
Wears the garland of rays;
But you alone are burning
Oh ! My blazing Fire !

Midst surging waves of ocean,
Mountains flaunt their heads;
Under canopy of silent sky,
Conceal the pangs in the heart.

Receiving signs from Destiny
Commingle life in darkness;
Sleeping in the intese cavern,
Your tangling tresses disheveled.

She's a volcano of the world,
That maiden—Universal Sorrow;
In constant seclusion still,
You are ablaze, my fire.

Autumn of the agonised world
You flap like flames of the Holi;¹⁰
Dawn like bridal-vermillion
You glow on the head of humanity.

Like holy tempestuous fire
Latent in the the ocean of life;
Burning away all the blemishes
You gleam like a child of fire.

Oh ! fragrant garland of victory,
You wed the world of duality;
My fire, you fill the universe,
With the saffron pollen of rays.

In your effulgence is conscious
The world of intense sorrow;
Besides me it only obtains,
Some light of sad compassion.

In that, the hazy shadows,
Give some vague intimations,
By paying the price of tears
Accept everything in return.

Let this ruthless universe

Receive auspicious effulgence,

Let fire of the blazing heart

Become cool and hallowed.

The enthralled life sobs out
All its innate sorrows,
Yes ! Death dances all around
Immortality beams with smiles.

My love smiles in e'lation
Be awake in my honeyed bower;
May sweetest emotions again,
Trill melodies in my life.

Be awake, in all my sighs,
You who sleep in smiles,
Have laughter on your lips,
Who weep with tearful eyes.

In this dreamy creation
Oh ! True life, be awake,
Adorned by auspicious rays,
My supreme Beauty wakeup.

In the heart of desires
Open your lotus-like eyes,
Like sweet buzzing of bees
Carol again in chimes.

This vacant azure mantle,
Of hope is spreading fast,
In the golden creation below,
Let compassion sport.

The thrill of sweet creation,
Be awake, with glow of youth;
Let again pollen spread over
The groves of tender flowers.

Holding the empty grail of sky,
Again the world will entreat,
For some drops of sweetness
To restore the rosy radiance.

In the duel of light and darkness
New dawn emerges victorious;
This smiling universe of ours
Showers such beautiful pearls!

In the rosy mirror of the east,
Is your beauteous reflection;
I behold in the drowsy dawn,
The pupils of my eyes.

Let there be some such lines,
In which your beauty is tangled;
Then one glimpse! How vivid,
Becomes the sweetest creation.

In it there proudly saunters

Woman - Nature - Beauty,

In it ' is ever flowing

Child's rippling innocence,

Let face be a precious treasure

Shrouded by the blue skies,

Let the placid heart of mine

Be unlocked in self-enthralment.

Let the image of mind's workshop

Become sacred and steadfast;

Let infinite youth ooze honey,

Let golden lotus be hallowed.

Let fancies of entire life,

Take rays from pupils of eyes,

And pour forth as if depicting

The stream of lambent light.

Melancholy will become sweet,

If my ruthless heart today

Obtains that absorbing love,

I'll be endowed with feelings.

Oh ! My nameless companion

You're beautiful, stern, comely;

May we both remain friendly

Treading on the path of life.

In those star-lit nights,
How many days and hours
Have passed away in oblivion
In the heartless links of Time !

The turbulent seething waves,
Of the mind will never return,
Yes, they will certainly bathe
The yonder infinite nook.

With their tender touch
Eyes overwhelm with tears;
Like grails of humble compassion
They crave for luscious love.

The spuming sighs of the heart
Heave again in sweet delusion,
They cosily sleep within
The soothing shade of eye lids.

Soaked in the showers of tears,
Let verdurous be the banks;
In delightful river of autumn,
Let life be filled with nectar.

Like one who stands, stares
Upon the bank of a river,
Beholding just in the front
Moon's liquid luminous path.

Your waking aptly imparts
Verily its own refulgence;
Even with the minute drops
It clears away all the slot.

In this smallest oyster
Ocean seems to be sporting;
In these drops of compassion
It seems to be pouring bliss.

Let the ocean of my life
Become the wavy darkness,
Let your light then twinkle
Like a lamp in the sky.

All the agonies of the mind
Lie covering their faces,
They'll smile like the flowers
In tender endearing games.

Let your soft caresses spread,
Like a supple immortal creeper,
Let not this life be entangled
In tangling arteries' fetters.

Oh ! life's eternal companion,
In these sorrows of creation,
Let the morning be hallowed,
Awake in the joys of repose.

Let hideous sins of universe
Obtain your peerless piety,
Let lambent holiness shine
Transforming sins into virtues.

Under happy shade of dreams
When the world is half asleep,
Then who are you still awake,
When my mind is steeped in oblivion ?

Oh ! you are the same one
My lifelong eternal companion,
To the heart scorched with sorrow
Oh Agony ! You revel in tears !

When I happen to forget you
Under deceitful shrouding sprouts,
Like a pining call of the cuckoo
You appear on the stage of nature.

Oh ! Don't hesitate, please tell
What you saw in the vacant sky ?
How long a path you've trekked
In the soft seclusion of night ?

Heart slaked by joys is veiled
By murky shadows of darkness,
When the sweetest dreamy stars
Enact this play of Maya.

Then you paused to behold
The weeping of mind's lotuses;
Moonbeams hilariously laughed
By stringing the pearls of pollen.

You must have seen dwarf-ocean
Craving for embracing the moon;
It is ever thunderously roaring
Ceaselessly heaving and falling.

With mute lips you endure,
The cursed scorching fire,
You've seen for ages past
The mum of mountain ranges.

On it, if verdure vegetation,
Does not happen to sprout,
It is considered so cursed,
If it is untrodden by people.

I've seen the buds enamoured,
Listening to fraudulent tales;
I've seen the perfidious bees
That fly away after slaking.

Then those frustrated eyes,
Whose tears have also dried up;
I've seen the dark desolation,
Hungry and ever discarded.

The dried up bed of river,
Is the tragic tale of earth;
Have you not seen my darling,
Concealed within the banks ?

In the nook of a vacant cottage
Oh ! Burn, throughout the night.
I have seen that lamp
With scanty oil blow out.

Taking the quintessence
Shower tears as morning dew
On the life sere of joys,
In the entire universe.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1. Chataka—A mythical bird that drinks drops of water which fall directly from the clouds otherwise remains thirsty.
2. Maya — An illusion by which one considers universe as really existent, as distinct from the supreme spirit i. e. Brahman. It is also the origin, source, and material cause of creation.
3. Kama — The god of Love having similarity with Cupid or Eros. He was burnt by lord Shiva but later restored to life by him at the request of his wife Rati. But thereafter Kama functions without body. He is a creative principle of life and source of all desires.
4. Malaya— Breeze fragrant with the aroma of sandal wood.
5. Sirisha — A fragrant tender flower.
6. Kalindi— River Jamuna, tributary of the Ganges.
7. Malati — Spring time flowery creeper.
8. Chakor— A partridge like Indian bird highly enamoured by the moon.
9. Tamala— Tall shady trees.
10. Holi — A spring festival wherein evil is consigned to fire.

**Excerpts from some of the reviews of the
translation of KAMAYANI**

... .. Shri Jaikishandas Sadani's translation of KAMAYANI is, indeed a highly successful achievement from this point of view. While keeping close to the original in respect of his texture of language and rhythmic pattern, he has been able to invest his English rendering with the varied shades of meaning that attach subtly to the Hindi words in Prasad's epic. One who reads Shri Sadani's translation will have missed nothing of value in the great Hindi classic.

Dr. T. N. SINGH,

M. A. Phd.

Head of English Dept.,
Benaras Hindu University.

Sri J. K. Sadani has translated it into English and I must felicitate him for not taking liberties with the poet and for not deviating from the original spirit and content. It is said that translation is a well nigh impossible task and never justifies itself as it never carries with it, the original meaning, import and creative disposition of writer. Sri Sadani, I should not be chary to say, is an exception. To the best of his ability, he has acclimatised himself to the creative and poetic climate of the original work and has maintained its basic creative urge and skill.....This translation, therefore, is a window that opens upon a great world.

K. M. LODHA

Prof. and Head of Hindi Dept.
Calcutta University

... .. as I advanced through Shri Sadani's work my apprehension and scepticism gradually yielded place to a growing sense of wonder and admiration for the superb skill which the author has brought to bear upon his difficult task and the remarkable degree of success he has attained in accomplishing it.

... .. Shri Sadani has rendered a service to Hindi literature in particular and to the Indian culture in general by placing one of its brightest jewels at the disposal of the International scholarship, which cannot be overpraised or adequately rewarded.

Dr. Vikramaditya Rai

M. A. Phd.

Head of English Department
Kashi Vidyapeeth. Varanasi.

... .. Translation of excellence proves that the essence of poetry and other forms of literature goes beyond language, though originally it is expressed in it.

The English translation of Kamayani done by Shri Jaikishandas Sadani is really remarkable in the sense mentioned above. He has translated even the most difficult passages in a very effective manner with care and due aesthetic sense.

Dr. Jagdish Gupta,

M. A. D. Phil.

Reader, Hindi Department,
Prayag University, Prayag.

It is through Mr. Sadani's good offices that many will now make their first acquaintance with Prasad and his masterpiece. Mr. Sadani's version is not a mere rendering, it is a sort of transcreation of the original. Barring certain limitations, which no translation can escape in transforming oriental ideas and images into English, having no parallel or synonymous words, his language is simple, lively and colourful, style vigorous and vibrant with music. A comparative study of the book with its Hindi original will convince the reader of his fidelity and success.

—AMRITA BAZAR PATRIKA

Kamayani, the celebrated Hindi epic of Jaishankar Prasad—here rendered into powerful English verse by Jaikishandas Sadani—spans the time distance and consciousness-gap between the ancient key concepts of Shradha, basic Faith in the purpose of life, Ida, intelligence striving for knowledge, Manu, the symbolic Man.

—Hindu.

कामायनी का अनुवाद, सो भो छन्दोबद्ध अंग्रेजी में, बड़ा कठिन कार्य है। किन्तु श्री जैकिशनदासजी सादानी ने जिस योग्यता से यह कार्य सम्पन्न किया है, उसकी मैं भूरि-भूरि प्रशंसा करता हूँ और सादानीजी को हार्दिक बधाई देता हूँ। इस अनुवाद में कामायनी की दार्शनिकता एवं सरसता दोनों का पूर्ण निर्वहण हुआ है।

—रायकृष्ण दास

